

It's good to commune with nature, to feel the rain, and yet

Rain is made of water, and water just feels wet

Your face is what you use to face

The people who you meet each day

The old fashioned, off-line sort of way

In real time and in real space

Just like an avatar, you can

Change it to reflect your mood

Smiling, frowning, leering, brooding

Everyone will understand

In these real time conversations

Audible words fill up the spaces

These are known as interfaces

It's a brand new situation

Poems are a reflection of their times

And, of course, of all the times before

Ancient words rewrit in modern rhymes

Each generation gives a little more

There are some themes that are, forever, true

Love and lust, desire and jealousy

But there are always some things that are new  
New concepts, fashions and technologies

Shakespeare never sent an SMS

Shelley couldn't access online porn

Wordsworth never used the internet

They were long dead before these things were born

Things have changed, and they will change again

But what we feel is what they felt back then

My feet are quite attracted to the ground

It's work to even lift them up and then

Sledge hammer like, they come a dropping down

And then, the process can begin again

Quite opposite to that, there is my head

It sits upon my neck quite easily

And so it goes wherever it is led

And breathes the air, which blows so breezily

The sky goes up and up until it's blue

And turns to black when it is late at night,

Up close, it is invisible, it's true

Because of some strange trickery of light

We're planted on the Earth, the Earth spins round

The sky is everything above the ground

It's in the bible, Seek and Ye Shall Find

Matthew 7:7, to be precise

If you don't look, you might as well be blind

Generally, it's pretty good advice

If you're at home, just sitting in your chair

You will not see the lilacs in the park

The waterfalls and castles everywhere

You'll never see a rainbow in the dark

But when you're seeking that which isn't there

The act of seeking causes it to be

Magic worlds and castles in the air

There are so many things that you might see

The mind is strange, and subject to confusion

The quest for truth can lead to self-delusion

The people who we knew from way back when

When we were kids, when we were troubled youth

Idealistic, radical young men

Wild eyed hippies looking for the truth

And when we traveled round the world we met

Some people here, some other people there

We were friends, and sometimes lovers, yet

We then grew worlds apart, and unaware

But now we live part time in cyberspace

Now and again, we meet these friends of old

And usually we find that it's the case

They've gained some weight, they've gone a little bald

But they are living fairly happy lives

Houses, pets and children, husbands and wives

The fountains that we see in public squares

Every major city has a few

Send up a mighty spray and clear the air

They're beautiful and rather useful, too

They are a pleasant spot for friends to meet

For tourists just to snap a couple shots

For kids to splash in, in the summer heat

There's a lot that happens in these spots

But also, almost every city's set  
Upon a river's banks, or on the shore  
Of lake, or bay, or mighty ocean, yet  
We always feel we need a little more

I love to sit and watch the fountain's spray  
But a river can still carry you away

Poetry's a rhythmic form of speech  
The lines are a specific, matching length  
Each line is weighted, at the end of each  
There's a rhyme, and that's the poem's strength

Table Tennis is a pleasant game  
Conversation isn't an attack  
The oarsmen in a boat all row the same  
Dip together, pull, then lift, then back

Poetry's a form of intercourse  
The Yin and Yang, each ping inspires a pong  
And as our thoughts get echoed, back and forth  
A simple set of words becomes a song

It's a dance, a chant, a ritual, a spell  
Poetry's like magic, when done well

The things that we perceive as weird or strange  
Not quite exactly normal, odd, bizarre  
That some might say have gone a step too far  
Actually, are still within the range

From babies up to those with brittle bones  
Some beautiful, some uglier than shit  
Some are endowed with cleverness and wit  
While other folks are stupider than stones

The labeling is all inside our head  
Everyone is somewhere in the range  
If you are off the chart, then you have changed  
And transformed into something else instead

Giants, among themselves, are not so tall  
And people are the strangest fish of all

There are more people writing than reading  
It seems to me, and that having been said  
You don't have to be a math genius to see  
That some writers aren't being read

It's all this social media, you know  
Every writer's following their dream

The raging flood of words has overflowed  
What was once a clear and winding stream

Now it is a vast and tangled bog  
A sultry swamp, a never ending night  
Of poetry and novels, tweets and blogs  
And every other thing that people write

In this morass, this literary tomb  
Now and then, a brilliant flower blooms

How often have we turned and walked away  
Pondering the thing we meant to say  
And looking back with retroactive dread  
Upon the words we actually said

Things are different now in cyberspace  
Because we are not meeting face to face  
So we can think a bit before we write  
We mostly don't, but nonetheless, we might

While scrolling through the comments on the screen  
So many are so ignorant and mean  
False assumptions, hate and blatant lies  
The trick is to compose a good reply

“Fuck you, retard!” sounds pretty good at first

But, out of all our options, it’s the worst

Sudoku puzzles are a lot of fun

Nine squares, and each of them contain nine squares

Nine times nine comes out to 81

But some have been filled in, so it’s all fair

Buckminster Fuller wrote “The Critical Path”

Which showed how people, starting where we are

With science and technology and math

Could make a better world, for all, by far

We’re riding on a spaceship in the sky

The universe is such an empty space

The answers will be written, by and by

In the Sudoku of the human race

Starting with the world that we’ve been given

We must build the world we want to live in

The sound of spring, the singing of the birds

The background music of the great outdoors

May be the sweetest sound I’ve ever heard

Mellifluous as any opera’s score

They do not have the gift of human speech  
They could never write a book or play  
That abstraction is well beyond their reach  
They sing, but they don't have that much to say

It's nothing like the songs on MTV  
Where love's expressed with violent gyrations  
And every other program that we see  
As we're flipping through the TV stations

The songs of birds don't say an awful lot  
I want sex! Give me sex! is all they've got

My daughter's coming home from camp today  
And in a week my son will go away  
The play has different scenes, so it's not strange  
That the cast of characters should change

She'll have changed a bit, but not that much  
Learned a couple songs, or games, or such  
And when he goes, he'll change a little, too  
Growth and change is just what children do

We can't stop time, and wouldn't if we could  
We see our children change, and change is good

The joys of childhood are not meant to last  
But the future is woven from the past

They grow up steadily, in fits and starts  
And there is joy in every single part

The amber fields of gently waving grain  
Vast, majestic, beautiful and still  
Until the wind comes sweeping down the plain  
Howling and with clear intent to kill

The angry sky is stomping 'cross the ground  
Destroying everything that's in its course  
It spins around, and faster spins around  
Till it becomes a solid wall of force

The forest fires leap from tree to tree  
Tectonic plates can split the ground in two  
The rolling river rises steadily  
It seems that there is little we can do

Earth and water, fire and raging air  
These are still things of which we should beware

